Allice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Allice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Allice. Owy e madam.
Kate. E Coman ſa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Allice. De neck,e de cin,madam.
Kate. E de neck,e de cin,e de code.
Allice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye,mais Ie remembre,
Le tude,o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherſera,towt cella que Iacapoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin,e de bilbo.
Allice. De elbo madam.
Kate. O Ieſu,Iea obloye ma foy,ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin,e de elbo,e ca bon.
Allice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au ſe bon Angloys
Aſie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle milleur
Coman ſe pella vou le peid e le robe.
Allice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le fot, e le con,ô Ieſu! Ie ne vew poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Allice. Madam,de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill auſie,ecowte Allice,de han,de arma,
De neck,de cin,le foote, e de con.
Allice. Cet fort bon madam.
Kate. Alouesa diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France *Lord Conſtable,the Dolphin, and* Burbon.

King. Tis certaine he is paſt the Riuer Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few ſpranes of vs,

The

The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.
Bur. Normanes,baſterd Normanes,mor du
And if they paſſe vnfoughtwithall,
Ile ſell my Dukedome for a foggy farme
In that ſhort nooke Ile of England.
Conſt. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate raw,foggy and colde.
On whom as in diſdaine,the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath,a drench for ſwolne Iades
Their ſodden water decockt ſuch liuely blood?
And ſhall our quick blood ſpirited with wine
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Iicefickles
Vpon our houſes tops,while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.
King. Conſtable diſpatch,ſend Montioy forth,
To know what willing raunſome he will giue?
Sonne *Dolphin* you ſhall ſtay in *Rone* with me.
Dol. Not ſo I do beſeech your Maieſtie.
King. Well,I ſay it ſhalbe ſo.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain *Flewellen*,come you frō the bridge?
Flew. By Ieſus thers excellēt ſeruice cōmitted at ỹ bridge.
Gour. Is the Duke of *Exeter* ſafe?
Flew. The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue,& I honor,
And I worſhip,with my ſoule,and my heart,and my life,
And my lands and my liuings,
And my vttermoſt powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praiſed and pleaſed for it,no harme in the worell.
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Enſigne

There,